

The fyfte Eglog of Alexandre Bazclay of
the Cytezen and vplondyſhman.



There
after foloweth the
Prologe.

In colde January / whan fyre is comfortable
And that the felde / be nere intollerable
Whan shepe & pastours / leueth felde & folde
And drawe to cotes / for to eschewe yf colde
What tyme the verdure / of grounde & euery tre
By frost and stormes / is pryuate of beaute
And euery small byrde / thynketh the wynter longe
Whiche well apereth / by ceasynge of theyr songe
At this same season / two herdes / freshe of age
At tyme apoynted / met bothe in one cotage
The fyrste hyght faustus / the seconde Amyntas
Harde was to knowe / which better husbande was
For eche of them bothe / set more by pleasour
Than by habundaunce / of ryches or tresour
Amyntas was toymalle / and propre in his gere
A man on his cloke / shoulde not aspyed a here
Nor of his clothynge / one wyncle stode a wyne
In london he lerned / to go so manerly
Hygh on his bonet / stakke a fayre broche of tyne
His pursys lynyng / was symple poore and thynne
But a lordes stomake / and a beggers pouche
Full yll accordeth / such was this comely slouche
In the towne and cyte / so longe getted had he
That frome thens he fledde / for det and pouerte
No wafter / tauerne / halehous / or tauerner
To hym was there hydde / whyle he was hosteler
He was he hosteler / and than a wafter
Than a costermonger / and last a tauerner
Aboute all London / there was no propre prynt
But longe tyme had beu / samplier with hym
But whan coyne fayled / no fanour more hadde he
Forsoke he was glabbe / out of the towne to fle

But shepe herde faustus/ was yet more fortunate
 For alwaye was he/ content with his estate
 Yet not yynge he hadde/ to conforte hym in age
 Saue a melche cowe/ and a pooze cotage
 The towne he vled/ and grete pleasure hadde
 To se the cyte/ oftyme whyle he was ladde
 For mylke and botter/ he thither brought to sell
 But neuer thought he/ in cyte for to dwell
 For well he noted/ the madde enozmyte
 Enuy/ fraude/ malyce/ and suche iniquyte
 Whiche reygne in cytes/ therfore he ledde his lyfe
 Up londe in byllage/ without debate and stryfe
 Whan these two herdes/ were thus together met
 Hauynge no charges/ nor labour them to let
 They shepe were all sure/ and closyd in a cote
 Themselfe laye in lyttre/ pleasauntly and hote
 For costly was hye/ in hardest of the yere
 Whā men haue most nede/ thā euery thynge is dere
 For passynge of tyme/ and recreacyon
 The bothe dellyted/ in cōmynycacyon
 Namely they pledyd/ of the dyuersyte
 Of rurall husbondes/ and men of the cyte
 Fastus accused/ and blamed Cytezyng
 To them imputynge/ grete fautes cryme & synnes
 Amynas blamed/ the rurall men agayne
 And eche of the bothe/ his quareyl dyde maynteyne
 All wrothe dyspysed/ all malyce and yll wyll
 Clene layde a parte/ eche dyde reherse his skyll
 But hyrte Amynas/ thus for to speke began
 As he whiche counted/ hymselfe the better man
 This Prologe,

The. v. eglog.

A. ii.

Interlocutoures be Amynntas and faustus.



Amynntas fyrste speketh.

The wynter snowes/all covered is the grounde
The northe wynde blowys/all w a fereful solide

The longe yse cycles / at the he wyls honge
The streames frosen / the nyght is colde and longe
Where botes rowed / now cartes haue passage
Frome pocke the open / be loosed and bondage
The plowman resteth / auoyde of all busynesse
Saue whan he tendeth / his harmes for to dresse
Nably his wyfe / sytteth by fore the fyre
All blacke and smoke / clothed in rude atyre
Sethynge some grewell / and sterynge the pulment
Of peeple of frument / a noble meete for lent
The somer season / men counteth now laudable
Whose feruour before / they thought intollerable
The frosty wynter / and weder temperate
whiche me thā praysed / they now dyspryse & hate
Colde they desyred / but now it is present
The braule and grutch / they myndes not content
Thus mutable men / them pleased can not holde
At grete hete grutchyng / a grutchyng whā it is colde
Cfaustus.

All pleasure present / of men is counted small
Desyre obteyned / some counteth nought at all
What men hope after / that semeth grete and dere
At yght by dystaunce / apereth great and clere.
CMyntas.

Each tyme and season / hath his delyte and Joyes
Loke in the stretes / beholde the lytell boyes
Now in fruyte season / for Joye they syng and hope
In lent each one / full busy is with his tope
And now in wynter / for all the greuous colde
All rent and ragyd / a man maye them beholde
They haue great pleasure / supposynge well to dyne
Whan men ben busyed / in kyllynge of fat swyne
The. v. eglog. A. iii.

They get the bladder/and blowe it grete t and thyn
With many beanes/oz peasen bounde within
It ratleth/soundeth/and thyneth clerz and fayre
Whyle it is thowen/and cast vp in the ayre
Ech one contendeth/and hath a grete delyte
With fote oz with hande/the bladder for to smyte
Yf it fall to grounde/they lyfte it bp agayne
This wyse to labour/they count it for no payne
Kennyng and leppynge/they dryue a waye the colde
The sturdy plowmen/lusty stronge and bolde
ouercometh the wynter/with dryvynge the fore ball
forgetynge labour/and many a greuous fall

C Faustus.

When labour sozer/in fruyteles banys
Than in fayre warkes/of grete vtulyte
In suchethyftles/we labour for damage
Warke we dyspysle/whiche byngeth auantage

C Amyntas.

Cowchynge theyr labour/it can not me dysplease
Whyle we be in reste/and better here at case
In the warme lyttre/smale payne hath he lytell hyre
Here maye we walowe/whyle mylke is on the fyre
Yf it be crudded/of brede we nede no crome
Yf thou byde Faustus/therof thou shalte haue some

C Faustus.

Wynter declareth/harde nede and pouerte
Than men it seleth/whiche haue necessitye
Truly Amyntas/I tell the myne entent
We sonde yonge people/be moche improyden
We straye in somer/without thought care/oz hede
Of suche thyng as we/in wynter shall haue nede
As soonc as we here/a bagpype oz a drowne

Than leue we labour / there is our monaye gone
But whan the northe wynde / with stormes byolent
Hath brought cold wyter / poze wretches to rurne
And boyde of leues / is euery bowe and tree
That one maye clerly / the emty nestes se
Thyn is all our woll / aud lambes gone and solde
We tremble naked / and dye almost for colde
Our sholders all barz / our hose and shoues rent
By retcheles pouth / thus all is gone and spent
This cometh for wantynge / of good prouysyon
Pouth dayneth counsaille / scornynge dyscrecyon
Whan pouerte thus / hath caught vs in his snare
Than dothe the wynter / our madde folp declare
How treuly I myntas / I tell the my mate
That to wne dwellers lyue / gretely more fortunate
And somwhat wyter / be they also than we
They gather treasoure / and ryches in plente
They spoyle the lambes / and forys of the skynne
To lappe theyr wombes / and sat spdes therin
In lust in pleasure / and in good habundaunce
Passe they theyr lyues / we haue not suffysaunce

I Amynas.

The men of the erthe / be fooler everythone
We poore sheperdes / be not to blame alone
More folp bereth / the man of the Cpte
I graunte vs ouersene / they madder be than we
Thoughe I longe season / dyde in the cpte dwell
I fauour it not / trouthe dare I boldely tell
Thoughe Cptesyns be / of lyuyng reprobable
Yet fortune to them / is moche more fauorable
Fortune to them / is lyke a moder dere
As a stepmoder / she dothe to vs apere

The. v. eglog.

A. iiii.

Them she exalteth/to honour and rycheſſe
As ſhe oppreſſeth/in care and wretchedneſſe
What is payne fortune/but thyng bytuperable
An unhappy madneſſe/unworthy and unſtable

C Faustus.

No doubt I myntas/let me be fortunate
And than ſhall I ſoone/become a grette eſtate
My coyne ſhall encreaſe/than ſhortly ſhall I be
Called to offyce/to gouerne a cyte
All men ſhall here me/and gyue me credence
The comonte bareheed/ſhall do me reuerence
All other rules/lowe men and comonte
Shall gladly deſyre/to haue aduylſe of me
yf I be happy/and fortune on me ſmyle
Thus ſhall I aſſende/and mount within a whyle
Aſke thou of Cornyſe/declare to the he can
How coyne more than cōynge/exalteth many man

C I myntas.

O Faustus Faustus/thou erreſt frome the waye
This is not fortune/full lytell do ſhe maye
Thoughe I myſelfe/reherſed but lately
That fortune hath me myght/a man to magnify
I kepe the oppnyon/of wyles comonte
And grounded myſelfe/on none auctoryte
It is not fortune/that graunteth excellence
Trews honour is wonne/by vertu and ſcience
yf men gette honour/by other poſſeſſe
It is no honour/but wretched myſery
God maketh myght/God gyueth trewe honour
To godly perſones/of godly behauiour
God fyrſte dyſpoſed/and made byuerſyte
Betwene rude plowmen/and men of the Cyte

And in what maner/Corneyr thyne owne mate
As we went talkynge/recounted to me late

Faustus.

What tolde the Corneyr/tell me I the praye
He hadde good reason/suche thynges to couaye
His wyf was pregnant/no reason hyde he want
But trouché to declare/his monaye was but scant
But what than some man hath pleynte of cunnynge
Whiche hath of ryche/esse smal pleynte or nothyng

Amynas.

In heyrnge my tale/yt thou haue thy delyte
Than take some labour/for now is good respyte
Faustus aryle thou/out of thy lyttre hote
Go se and byspte/our wethers in the cote
Aryle go and come/thou arte bothe yonge and able
After grete colde/hete is more comfortable
Go man for shame/he is a slouthfull dawg
Whiche leueth profyte/for pleasure of hote strawe

Faustus.

Thynke not Amynas/that faustus hathé dyfdayne
To do thy plesure/I shall refuse no payne
Loke here Amynas/lorde benedycyte
The cold snowe retheth/moche hygher thā my kne
Scant maye the houses/suche burthen well susteyne
Lesse hurte is tempest/and sodayne storme of reyne
On toppe of the chymnaye/there is an hepe of soyle
So hye extendynge/our steple is more lowe
The snowe is so whyte/and the sonne so bryght
That playnly Amynas/amasédis my syght

Amynas.

Gyue to the bestes/good rowen in pleynte
And stoppe all the holes/where thou can fautes se

Stop them wth stubbyll/este daube them wth some claye
And whan y^e hast done than come agayne thy waye
Nought is more noysom/to flocke/cotage/ne folde
Than sodayne tempest/and vnprovyded colde
What now all redy/scende Faustus here agayne
By shorte conclusyon/bad warke apereth playne
Thy compynge agayne/me thynke is all to soone
Ought to haue mended/or profyte to haue done

Faustus.

This combrous wether/made me more dplygent
I ran all the waye/bothe as I came and went
And there I spedde me/and toke the greter payne
Because I lyghtly wolde be with the agayne
After grete colde/it is full swete god wote
To tomble in the strawe/or in the lyttre hote
Now be we fastus/in heu^{en} bp to the chymne
Fully thy promes/I praye the now begynne
Tell the begynnynge/of the dyuersyte
Betwene rurall men/and men of the cyte
I knowe the reason/and talkynge of Corrupt
But syth I hym sawe/be palled yeres syce
His iocunde Jesters/made me oftety me full gladde
Our fyrst acquaintaunce/was whan I was a ladde
Now speke my Faustus/and I shall holde me styll
Tyll thou haue ended/and spoken all thy wyll

Campntas.

This grete dyfference/and fyrste dyuersyte
Betwene rurall men/and them of the cyte
Began in this wyse/as corrupt me tolde
Whiche well coulde comon/of many maters olde
Fyrste whan the worlde/was fourmed and create
And Adam with Eue/were set in theyr estate

Our lord conioyned them bothe/as man and wyfe
To lyue in con corde/the season of theyr lyfe
And them commaunded/mankynde to multiply
By generacyon/to get them progeny
They bothe obeyed/this swete commaundement
With faythfull hertes/and labour dylygent
But wolde to Ihesu/they hadde ben wyse and ware
Frome þe fatal fruyte/whiche kyndled all theyr care
But to my purpose/lyste Eue hadde chyldren two
A sone and a doughter/our lorde dysposed so
And so pere by pere/two twynnes forthe she brought
Whan god assysteth/man worketh not for nought
By suche maner/these two dyde them apply
The worlde to sulffill/encrease and multiply
At last our lord/at ende of fyftene pere
To Eue our moder/dyde on a tyme appere
And in what maner/now here me Anynas
Adam on the felde/forth with his wethers was
His flocke than he fedde/without all drede and fere
Than were no wowers/hym nor his wyfe to deare
He was not troubled/that tyme with Ielowsy
Than was no body/to do that bylany
No horned kyddes/were luyng at that tyme
Longe after this/began this cursed cryme
Than was no cocke/betwene the east and west
To laye wronge egges/within a straunge nest
Than none suspected/the luyng of his wyfe
We cloke was quyet/and pleasaunt without stryfe
But after whan people/began to multiply
Than fyre was kyndled/the flame of Ielowsy
For that man comynyteth/soe dredeth he agayne
Fraude secretlye falshode/suspectyng of in bayne

Al theſe ſuſpecteth all men of felony
Bakers of wedlocke / be full of Jolouſy
And therfore all ſuche / as with ſwerde do ſtryke
Here to be ſerued / with the ſcaberde lyke
Thus whyle that Adam / was pytchyng of the ſolde
Eue was at home / and ſate on the cheſſholde
With all her babyſ / and chyldren her about
Other on her lappe / within oz elles without
Now hadde ſhe pleaſure / them collynge and baſſyng
And eſte was ſhe buſy / them lowſyng and kemyng
And buſy with butter / for to anoynt theyr necke
Somtyme ſhe muſyd / them pleaſauntly to deſce
In the meane tyme / whyle ſhe was occypped
Our lord drawyng nere / ſhe ſodeynly eſpyed
Anone ſhe bluſſhed / reuolupnge in her mynde
That yf our lord ther / ſhould al thoſe babyſ fynde
So ſone engendred / ſuppoſyng he nedes muſt
That it was token / of to great carnall luſt
And all aſhamed / as faſt as euer ſhe myght
She haſted and hydde / ſome of them out of ſyght
Some vnder hey / ſome vnder ſtrawe and chaſſe
Some in the chymnape / ſome in a tubbe of draſſe
But ſuche as were fayre / and of theyr ſtature ryght
As wyſe and ſubtyl / reſerued ſhe in ſyght
Anone came our lord / vnto the woman nere
And her ſaluted / with ſwete and ſmylyng there
And ſayde woman / let me chy chyldren ſe
I come to promote / eche after his degre
Fyrſte was the woman / amaſyd nere for drede
At the laſt ſhe commaunded / the eldeſt to procede
And gaue them conſorte / to haue audacyte
Though they were bolder / & doubted leſſe than ſhe

God on them smyled/and them comforted so
As we with whelpes/and byrdes vse to do
And than at the laste/to the most olde of all
He sayde haue thou Ceptre/of rome in peryall
Thou arte the eldest/thou shalt haue moost honour
Iustyce requyrezeth/that thou be emperoure
Than to the seconde/he sayde it is sentynge
That thou be haunsted/to honour of a kynge
And vnto the thyrde/he gaue suche dygnyte
To guyde an army/and noble duke to be
And sayde haue thou here/harde prou and armour
Be thou in batayle/a heed and a gouernoure
And so forth to other/as they were in degre
Eche he promoteth/to worthy dygnyte
Some made he erles/some lordes some barons
Some squyers/knyghtes/some hardy chappōs
And thā brought he forth/the Ceptre and the crowne
The swerde/þ pollax/the helme and þ haberiowne
The streamer/standarde/the getton/and the mace
The spere/þ the shelde/nōw Cue hadde grete solace
He gaue them armour/and taught them poleyc
All thyng to gouerne/concernynge chyualry
Than made he Iuges/mayres and gouernoures
Marchauntes/shreues/and other protectoures
Aldermen/burgeses/and other in degre
After the custome/of courte/and of Cyte
Thus all the chyldren/than beyng in ptesence
He set in honour/and rowme of excellence
Of tyme reuoluyng/and tournynge in his mynde
The caduke honoures/belongynge to mankynde
In the meane season/Cue very ioyfull was
That all these maters/were brought so well to pass

Than fle she in hast / for to haue pleasour more
And them presented / whom she hadde hydde before
And barequyred / presentynge them sayde she
O lord these also / my veray chyldren be
These be the fruyte / also of my wombe
Hyd for shamefastnesse / within my house at home
O lord most myghty / hye lader cretour
Withsaue to graunt them / some offyce of honour
Theyr heet was ruggyd / poudered all with chaffe
Some full of strawes / some other full of drasse
Some with cobwebbes / and dust were so arayed
That one beholdynge on them / myght be a frayde
Blacke was theyr colour / and bad was theyr fygure
Uncomely to syght / myllhapen of stature
Our lord not smyled on them / to shewe pleasaunce
But sayde to them thus / with troubled countenance
Ye smell all smoky / of stubbyll and of chaffe
Ye smell of the ground / of wedes and of drasse
And after your sent / and teddyous sauoure
Shall be your rowmes / and all your behauour
None can a pytcher / tourne to a syluer pce
Nor make goodly sylke / of a gores flece
And harde is also / to make withouten fayle
A bryght two hande swerde / of a cowes tayle
Fromore wyll I make / how be it that I can
Of a byle bylayne / a noble gentylman
Ye shall be plowmen / and tyllers of the ground
To payne and labour / shall ye alwaye be bounde
Some shall kepe oxen / and some shall hogges kepe
Some shall be thershers / som other shall kepe shepe
To dyg and to delue / to hedge and to dyke
Take this for your lot / and other labour lyke

To drudge and to dreuyll/ in warkes byle and rude

This wyle shall ye lyue/ in endeles scrupitude

Pyppynge/ and mowynge/ of fother gras & corne

Yet shall to wne dwellers/ ofte laughe you vnto scoz

Yet some shall we graunt/ to dwell in the cyte

For to make podynges/ or butchers for to be

Coblers/ or tynkers/ or elles costard Jaggeres

Hostelers/ or daubers/ or drowpy water laggers

And suche other sorte/ whose dayly busynesse

Passeth in warkes/ and labour of bylence

To stowpe/ and to swete/ and subiecte to become

And neuer to be rydde/ from bondage & thraldome

Than brought our lord/ to them the carte & harowe

The gad/ & the whyp/ & matoke & the whelebarow

The spade/ the shouell/ the forke and the ploughe

And all suche towies/ than bad he them be tough

And neuer to grutch/ at labour nor at payne

For yf they so dyde/ it shoulde be thyng in vayne

Thus sayde the father/ and lord omnipotent

And than he ascended/ vp to the tymament

Thus began honour/ and thus began bondage

And dyuersyte/ of cyte and byllage

And scruple labour/ fyrste in this wyle began

Demaunde of Cornyx/ declare the trouche he can

This tolde me Cornyx/ whiche dwelled in the fen

I truste his sayenge/ before a thousande men

Cornyx.

Is this the matter/ praysed of the so soze

I strawe for fables/ I set by them no store

It were a meruayle/ yf Cornyx matter tolde

To laude of shepherdes/ or plowmen to byholde

He dwelt in the towne/ and helde with the cyte

Thyll nede hym mouyd/as it hathe dryuen the
Whan none of you bothe/dare to the towne resorte
Amonge vs shepherdes/pet fynde ye here conforste
So bothe thou and he/be gretely for to blame
To ete our bytyle/and than to hurte our name
The yonge men of townes/to mocke vs haue a guyse
Nought elles can they do/saue lyes to deuyse
This bayne inuencyon/and folyshe fayned fable
Agayne rurall men/they haue delpte to bable
And nought they asshame/as blýde wretches vnwysse
Of god almyghty/suche leasynge to deuyse
This scorpy scoftyng/declareth openly
Agaynste rurall men/rebuke and iniury
But thou arte so rude/thy paunch is so fatte
Agayne thyne owneselfe/thou busp arte to chatte
A lyfe this same Jest/is thy rebuke and blame
Thy bullyd reason/can not perceyue the same
But I wall proue the/that rurall people be
More wysse and noble/than they of the cyte
And that the cyte/is full of fraude and stryfe
Whan we in byllage/haue good and quyet lyfe

CAmynas.

I praye the Fastus/heresore be thou not wrothe
To haue dyspleasoure of the/I were ryght lothe
I thought no manwgre/I tolde it for a bourde
Yf I hadde knowen/I shoulde haue sayd noworde
But saye thy pleasure/nor tell for the thy sentence
And I shall here the/with sobre pacyence

CFastus.

I shall not denye/our paynz and seruptude
I knowe that plowmen/for the moost parte be rude
Now shall I tell the/hygh maters trewe & olde

Whiche curteys Candydus vnto me ones tolde
Nought shall I forge nor of no leasynge bable
This is trewe hystory and no surmysed fable
At the begynnyng of thynges fyrste of all
God made shepeherdes and other men rurall
But the fyrste plowman and tyller of the grounde
Was rude and stordy dysdaynyng to be hounde
Rughe and stoborne and Cayn byde men hym call
He hadde no mercy and pyte none at all
But lyke as the grounde is dull stony and toughe
Stubberne and heuy rebellyng to the ploughe
So the fyrste ploughman was stronge and obstynate
Frowarde selfe wyllyng and mouer of debate
But the fyrste shepeherde was meke & nothyng fell
Humble as is a lambe and called was Abell
A shepe gyueth mylke and lytell hathe of gall
So this good Abell hadde none yll wyl at all
No shepeherde founde hym iniurpous nor wronge
In durynge his lyfe whyle he was them amonge
And oft of his flocke made he good sacryfyce
Of calfe or lambes suche as were most of pryce
And of fat wethers the best not spared he
To honour our lord and please his deyte
Thus hadde he fauour with god omny potent
So pleaseynge our lord that to this tyme present
From fyrst begynnyng of erth and man mortall
God hathe hadde fauoure to people pastorall
And poore shepeherdes theyr cotes selde and shepe
Aungelles haue come for to defende and kepe
Some shepeherdes were in londe of asserpe
Thiche after haue ben promoted very hye
So that from cotes and houses pastorall

The. v. egiog.

B. i.

They haue ascended / to dygnyte royall
Chargys and labour / so dothe my reason blynde
That call theyr names / can I not vnto mynde
Yet let me stody / auoydyinge perturbaunce
So maye I call them / vnto my remembraunce
Lo now I haue them / Abraham / and Iacob
Lot / Isaac / yonge Joseph / and Job
These now reherfed / and all the patryarches
Haue not dysdayned / poore shepe nor herdes warkes
Them hath the our lord / called from humble thynges
And made them prynces / dukes / other kynges
So haue they chaunged / theyr clothyng pastorall
With golden garment / purple / and gaye pall
And than haue after by magnanymyte
Brought noble royalmes / in theyr capturyte
And haue in batayle / ben myghty conquerours
Won fame immortall / and excellent honours
Darys was pastour / the sone of Dyranius
Dan / Splene / Dyrheus / and Joly Cyterus
Sawll was shepherde / so was he in lykenysse
Whiche wolde haue offred / his sone in sacrifyse
Moyles was shepherde / and was his flocke keepinge
Whan he came barefote / vnto the bulle flamynge
Comanded by god / to leue his flocke and go
On goddes message / to sturde Pharao
Also Apollo was herde / somtyme in Grece
No thyng dysdaynyng / to handle ewe and flece
As wyrteth poetes / he lefte dyuyn honour
Gladde amonge wethers / to be a gouernour
The blessyd aungelles / brought to suche men as we
Message of conorde / of peas / and vyte
And longe that gloria / styenge in the skye

Whiche our syr Sapson doth synge so merely
fyrst hadde shepherdes / sure tydyng by message
That god was made man / to bye hamayne lynage
And herdes instructe / by voyce angelycall
Sawe god incarnate / and borne fyrste of all
And this was pleasour / of goddes maieste
That symple herdes / hym fyrste of all soude se
And in theyr maner / make vnto hym offrynges
Before estates / as ryche and myghty kynges
The ioly harper / whiche after was a kyng
And slewe the graunt / so stoutly with his synge
Was fyrste a shepherde / or he hadde dygnyte
Byght so were many / as stoute and bolde as he
And our lord Ihesu / our god and sauour
Flamed hymselfe / a shepherde or a pastour
Byght so he named / men meke and pacyent
His flocke and his shepe / for maners innocent
Thynke not these wordes / glosyd nor in bayne
They are the gospel / so sayth syr Peter playne
I sawe them myselfe / well paynted on the wall
Late gasynge vpon / our chyrche cathedrall
I sawe grete wethers / in pycture and small lambes
Dauncynge / some slepyng / some lowkyng of theyr
And some on y grounde / me semed lyenge styll (dāmes
Than sawe I horsmen / at pendant of an hyl
And the thre kynges / with all theyr company
Theyr crownes glyweryng / byght and oryently
With theyr presentes / and gyftes mystycall
All this behelde I / in pycture on the wall
But the poore pastoures / as people innocent
fyrst sawe the Cryb / of our lord omny potent
Thus it apereth / god loueth poore pastours

The. v. eglog.

B. ii.

Seth he them graunted/to haue to grete honours
Our lord hath the fauour/bothe in the shepe and folde
As it apereth/by the hostoryes olde
Our lord is redy/to socour the byllage
Despyssynge townes/for malyce and outrage
For god is content/with symple pouerte
Wyde he despyseth/and wrongfull dygnyte

C Amyntas.

In good farth faustus/thy tale is verytable
Grounded on lernynge/and gretly commendable
Lately my selfe/to se that pycture was
I sawe the manger/I sawe the oxe and asse
I well remembred/the people in my mynde
We thynke yet I se/the blacke facys of ynde
We thynke yet I se/the herdes and the kynges
And in what maner/were ordred theyr offerynges
As longe as I lyue/the better shall I loue
The name of herdes/and cytezens repproue
Wherfore mate faustus/I praye god gyue the care
Yf thou the fautes/of ony cyte spare
Speke on/and spare not/and touche theyr errour
Yet maye me comon/more than a large houre.

C faustus.

Than tourne we to talke/a whyle of Cytezens
To touche theyr foly/and parcell of theyr synnes
Thynke not Amyntas/that they of the cyte
Lyue better lyfe/or wyselyer than we
All yf theyr clothynge/be doubled for the colde
And thoughe they glyster/so gaply in bryght golde
Shynynge in sylkes/in purpur/or beluet
In furred robys/or clokes of scarlet
And we pooze herdes/in russet cloke and hode

It is not clothynge/can make a man be good
Better in ragges/pure luyng innocent
Than a soule deyled/in sumptuous garnient
Trust me Amyntas/my selfe with the same euen
Haue in the cyte/suche ostentymes seen
Yet in theyr sylkes/and bragge in the market
As they were lordes/I oft haue seen them Yet
Whiche are starke beggers/and lyue in nede at home
And oft go to bedde/for nede with empty wombe
Nought is more folyshe/than suche wretches be
Thus with proude porte/to cloke theyr pouerte
What is nede clohed/or fayned habundaunce
Pouerte/flouthe/and wretched gouernaunce
What is sayre semblaunce/with thought and heuynes
Forsoth nought elles/but cloked folysshnes
And some haue I seen/whiche is a thyng damnable
That whyle they wolde haue/a luyng delectable
Best at theyr pleasure/and fare delyciously
Haue suffered theyr wyues/deyled wyttyngly
Haue solde theyr daughters/floure of byrgynye
O deed vnworthy/O blynde inpyte
Fame honour the soule/and chastyte be solde
For wretchyd luyng/ocursed thirst of golde
O damnable dede/so many for to spyll
One wretchyd carkes/and bely for to fyll
What thyng is byler/what more abhomyable
What thyng more folyshe/more fals & detestable.

¶ Amyntas.

What yf they can not/to other crafte them gyue
Nor fynde ather waye/or meanes for to lyue
Nede hath no lawe/of two ylls parde
To chose the leest yll/is none iniquyte

Chaustus.

Seth they haue as many / soules as haue we
As moche of reasone / and handes lyke plente
Why maye they not / to honest warke the gyue
And fynde other waye / and maner for to lyeue
No lawe permytteth / nor wylleth man parde
To commyt moorde / for harde necessitye
No more shoulde ony / his soule defyle nor kyll
For lust transytory / or pleasure to fulfill
Yet be in cytees / mo suenge folysshnes
Wenynge by crafte / for to hau. grete ryches
By whiche craftes / no man hather ryches founde
Syth tyme y our lord / fyrst fourmed mā & groude
As Alkemystry / wenynge by polycy
Nature to alter / and copie to multiply
Some washe rude metall / with lycours many folde
Of herbes wenynge / to tourne in to golde
All pale and smoky / by suche contynual
And after labour / they lose theyr lyfe and all
In other sort is / to this not moche vnlyke
Whiche spede theyr tymes / i wretched art magyke
Therby supposynge / some treasour to haue founde
Whiche many yeres / is hydde within the grounde
What is more folyssh / more full of vanyte
Or more repugnynge / to saythe and probyte
Because they wolde fle / good busynesse and payne
They vse suche tryfls / & wretched thynges bayne
They proue all thynges / because they wolde do nought
Styll sekynge newes / styll troubled i theyr thought
Because they wolde fle / the labour of the lande
All ydle tryfls / such taketh on theyr hande
Styll be they busy / and neuer come to ende

To thyng profitable/do fewe of them intende
Some lye by rappue/gyle/fraude and polecty
Barriury/oppresyon/and some in vsury
Some gladly borowe/and neuer paye agayne
Some kepe from seruautes/þ̄ stipēd of theyr payne
Some rest men gyleles/and caste them in pryson
Some by stronge theues/out of the dongyon
Some fawn some flater/mā trust not whā they smile
Than frame the scaudes/men flyly to begyle
Some in one houre/moze promes to the wyll
Than all his dayes/he thynketh to fulfyll
By thousande meanes/of scaude and craftynesse
Lp they in wayte/for honour and rycheesse
They fede the ryche/and often let the poze
Dye for pure colde/and hungre at theyr doze
We fede fat oxen/they Harmolettes kepe
We fede fat kyddes/Lambes/and good shepe
And they fede hawes/apes/also houndes
And small is theyr Joye/saue here win our boundes
We bynge them butter/egges/chese/and woll
Candardes of mylde/and creame fletynge full
All maner fleshe/and all theyr hole lyuyng
Without our labour/treuly they haue nothynge
We are the feders/of wethers and fat hogges
And they of the cpte/fede byrdes/and grete dogges
Now Iuge Amyntas/whiche of these semeth the
Of most auantage/and most nobylte

Amyntas.

Yf by your labour/procedeth more rycheesse
And most auantage/as semeth trouthe doubteles
Than this I meruayle/that they of the cpte
H.ue so grete pleynte/and we necessyte

The cause can not I call to my remembraunce
Wherof proceedeth they store and habundaunce

C Faustus.

The cause I tolde the what woldest thou haue more
By fraude and fallshode haue they so mykyll store
Seest thou not playnly how they of the cpte
Dayly dysceyue the our poore symple cpte
With that cruelte agaynste vs they rage
By fals opp:ressyon or fayre fayned langage
They thynke it pleasoure that sorowe on them hap
By glosed wordes to take vs in trappe
The most of them all count it an almes dede
As herdes to fraude this is a gentyll mede
For them we labour in herte wynde colde and rayne
And fraude & dysceyte the paye vs for our payne
With myndes and tongue they stody and they muse
Bothe daye and nyght vs herdes to abuse
They wyt and body all hole do they ply
For vs poore wretches to stody polery
And after they fraude gyle and decepcyon
Than do they laughe vs vnto derisyon

C Amyntas.

How came thou to knowlege of this enormyte
And of these maners of them of the cpte
By selfe there wonned and there was couersaunt
Of some of these thynges yet am I ygnoraunt

C Faustus.

Thou coude not perceyue well they enormyte
Parchaunce thy maners dyde with they lyfe agre
There seldome is sene grete contradyccyon
Where men accordeth in dysposycyon
No faute with mo:ypans is blacke dysloympte

Because all the sorte/lyke of they? fauour be
So couthe thou not se/they? byces nor them blame
Because thy owne lyfe/was fylled with the same
But how I knowe them/nor shall I tell to the
Whyle I brought butter/to sell to the Cyte
And other bytyle/I vled mylke to cry
Than hadde I knowlege/with an apotecary
Of hym I lerned/moche fashode and practyse
Not to the purpose/the same to exercyse
He couthe make playsters/& newe comyracions
In valour scant worthe/a couple of onyens
Yet solde he the same/as it were golde so dere
Namely/ys happened/ony infectyse yere
I was aquaynted/with many an hucster
With a costardemonger/and with an hostler
This thefe was crafty/poore people to begyle
None lyke I suppose/within a dosen myle
Amonge all other/his fraudes and his crimes
He solde one botell/of hey a dosen tymes
And in the otes/couthe he well droppe a candell
Well knewe he how his gestys for to handle
And in the same In/there dwelt a pretty pryme
She couthe well flater/and glose with hym & hym
And necke a mesure/her synykynge gan her sale
She made ten shyllynge/of one barell of ale
Whome she begyled/in pottes she was fayne
To wyn them wlellshe/and paynted loke agayne
And as I remembre/her name was wanton belle
Who leest with her delt/he thryued not the lesse
What nede more proesse/no crafte of the cyte
Is but is myngled/with fraunde and subtyltye
Saucouely the crafte/of an apotecary

The. b. eglog.

C. i.

That is all fraude/and gylefull polecty
But all these wolde swere/that they were innocent
Or they to the cyte/dyde fyrste of all frequent
There lerned they/thesse and fraude to exercyse
And man of nature/is moued soone to vyce
Some be also/whiche spende theyr pattrymony
Whiche was to them lette/by theyr olde auncestry
On queanes/bawdes/in ryot and dyntenelle
Theyr name despyng/despyng all goodnesse
With cost and paynes/luche busily labour
Sekyng for shame/and dethe before theyr houre
Saye where is custome/of fornicacyon
Incest auoutry/and defloracyon
For syng of women/murdre and rapyne
Dyscorde & brawlyng/and lyuynge lyke to swyne
Malice/enuy/and all iniquyte
Do these not rayne/in myddes of the cyte
All newe abusyon/prouokynge men to synnes
Hadde fyrst begynnynge/amonge the cytezyns
Where dwell grete prynces/and myghty gouernours
Theyr lyfe dyspyng/for to haue vayne honours
Capytaynes/souldyours/and all lyke company
Whiche put for money/theyr lyfe in leoparde
These dwell not vpon londe/but haunteth the cyte
Dore herdes fyght not/but for necessyte
For lyberte/lyfe/and iustyce to vpholde
Towne dwellers fyght/for vayne honour & golde
We fyght/our frendes/and housholde to defende
They fyght for malice/to ryches to ascende
Our cause and quarell/is to meynteyne the ryght
But all on selfe wyl/without reason they fyght
They seke by woundes/for honour and rychesse

And bypue the wekest / to hardest busynes
O blynde sowd your / why settest thou thy hert
For a dayne stypende / agayne a moztall darte
By thousande perylls / thou takest thy passage
For a small Lucre / rennyng to grete damage
They? swete lyfe they gyue / for a pooze stypende
And ofte lese they bothe / and heuen at the ende
Whyle some contendeth / and fyghteth for his wage
His lyfe he spendeth / than fare well auantage
What is moze folyshe / or lyker to madnesse
Than to spende the lyfe / for glozy and rychesse
What thyng is glozy / laude pray synge or fauour
What honour report / or what is noble name
Forsothe nought but voyce of wytles comonte
And bayne oppynyon / subiecte to to vanyte
Proceste of peres / reuoluyng of season
Byngeth all these / soone in oblyuion
Whan lyfe is faded / all these ben out of syght
Lyke as with the soune departeth the daye lyght
They all be fooles / whiche medleth with the see
And otherwyse myght lyue / in they? owne countre
He is but a foole / whiche runneth to tempest
And myght lyue on londe / in suerte and in rest
He is but a foole / whiche hath of good plenty
And it dysdayneth / to vse and occupy
And he whiche lyueth / in care and wretchydnes
His heyre to promote / to londes and rychesse
Is most foole of all / to spare in mysery
With good and londes / his heyre to magnify
And he which leueth / that thyng for to be done
Unto his doughter / executour or sone
Whiche he hymselfe myght in his lyfe fulfill

The. v. eglog.

C. ii.

He is but a foole/ond hach but lytell skyll
But all these sortes/within the cyte be
They want of wysdome/and sue enormyte
And also the youthe/in dayes festiuall
Do nought but tolowe/theyr lustes bestyall
The weke they vse them/in worldly busynesse
The sondaye serueth/to folowe bycousnes
What tyme the shoppes/be closed all and shyt
Than is the market/with Thays/Scale & Kyt
On hyest dayes/suche ware in namely solde
For nought it waxyth/yt it be ones olde
Apo the sondaye/whan men shoulde god honour
Lene is good labour/ensued is errour
Oftyme the olde frere/that wonned in grenewyche
Agayne suche folyes/was boldly wont to preche
He sayde where baudes/and theyr abusyone
Were woute to abyde/in one byle place alone
Now are they sprenckled/and spardled abroad
Lyke wyle as shyppes/be dooked in a rode
That harde is to knowe/good women frome the yll
By yll example/good are in doubte to spyll
Bawdes be suffred/so where they lyst to byde
That the strete fadeth/bpon the water syde
Gate/Ipill mably/Phyllys/and feat Jency
Because of the cyte/naw can not get one peny
Wyle Thays was wont/in angles for to be
Now hath she power/in all the hole cyte

CAmptas.

Thou palest mesure/faustus by god a bowe
Thou sayst of malyce/tyght well perceyue I now
Wpptygate thy mynde/and tongue for it is shame
Men of the cyte/thus largely to blame

What man is faultles/remembze the bylage
How men bplondyshe/on holy dayes rage
Nought can them tame/they be a beastly sort
In swete and labour/haupnge most chefe comforte
On the holy daye/as soone as mozne is past
Whan all men resteth/whyle all the daye dothe last
They dypnke/they banket/they reuell and they Jet
They lepe/they daunce/despysynge ease and rest
Yf they ones here/a bagpppe or a drone
In none to the elme/or oke be they gone
There vse they to daunce/to gambard/and to rage
Suche is the custome/and vse of the byllar
Whan the groude resteth/from rake plough & wheles
Thā must they it trouble/w burthen of theyr heles
To Bacchus they banket/no feest is festiuall
They chyde and the chat/they vary and they brall
They raple and they route/they reuell and they cry
Laughynge/and leppnge/& makynge cuppes drye
¶ Faustus.

What stynt thou thy chat/these wordes I desy
It is to a bylayne/rebuke and bylanye
Suche rurall solace/so playnly for to blame
Thy wordes soundeth/to thy rebuke and shame
¶ Amynas.

Not so frende Faustus/I spoke it but in game
Agayne to the cyte/retourne in gooddes name
¶ Faustus.

Yet of the cyte/no soles tell can I
Whiche wene to nombze/the sterres of the skye
By them supposynge/each destiny to tell
But all be fooles/that with this mater mell
Yet be they madder/whiche fyreth theyr entent
The. v. eglog. C. lii

To serche the nature of god omny potent
And dare be so bolde / to set they: mortall syght
On incomprehenyble / and pure immortall lyght
Our fayth is better / for they of the cyte
Beleue by reason / with grete dyffyculte
O: they wyll byleue / they brawle with argumēt
Playne speche suffyseth / vs people innocent
Agayne sy: Sampson / they: quarell they defende
We aske no questyon / and vie not to contende
We lyght the alters / and many candels offre
Whan they of the towne / skantly make a proffer
The: fayth is feble / our fayth is sure and stable
They dare be bolde / with doctours for to bable
A worldly marchaunt / nought knowynge of doctryne
Because of his coyne / counteth his reason fyne
Cruit me Amyntas / no force who hereth me
The coyne and connyng / doth not alwaye agre
For some be that haue / grete pleynte of that one
Whiche of that other / haue lytell parte or none
What shoulde the folcs / that dwell in the cyte
O: we seke to knowe / of goddes pryuate
Yfit were nedefull / the godhed for to knowe
To symple wretches / here on the grounde alowe
It is in power / of god omny potent
His very ptesence / to vs to represent
But seth his knowlege / is comprehensyble
Why seketh fooles / for thynges impossyble
And seth god wyll be / vnknewen vnto vs
Why sholdethyne mortall / of endeles thyng dyscus
And ruyall people / in almys doth excell
Aboue all the sorte / whiche in the cyte dwell
We gyue woll and chese / our wyues coyne and egges

Whan freres flater/and pryse theyr propre legges
For a score of pynnes/and nedles two or thre
A gentell cluner/two cheles hadde of me
Phylips gaue coyne/because he dyd her charme
Euer syth that tyme/lesse hath he the felte of harme
Yet is in the cyte/a nombre incurable
Pleders/and brokers/a foule and shamefast rable
Marchauntes of Justyce/hunters of ryches
Cratchers of coyne/delayers of processe
Prolongynge causes/and makynge wronge of ryght
And ryght of plaine wroge/opplyng law w myght
Faylers of Justyce/theyr cursed couetyse
Watreth the plantes/of cruelte and vyce

C Amyntas.

This haue I proued/by playne experyence
But tell me Fastus/what causeth this offence

C Fastus.

The rote and the grounde/of this mysgouernaunce
Is fauour rewarde/and wylfull ygnorauce
Whan coyn or fauour/ones dynmeth hath the syght
Adieu all Justyce/in pryson layd is ryght
Yet be in townes/a rable fraudelent
Murders of people/and fre of ponysshement
Vauntynge and boastyng/ themselfe of medycyne
And nought percepyng/of seience and doctryne
Yf they be letted/with rynges and with cheynes
Than may they handle/and touche pryue baynes
Name all dysleases/and sores at theyr wyl
Auoyde of connyng/of reason other sayll
Suche ryde on mules/and pages by theyr syde
But yf they hadde ryght/on asses shoulde they ryde
As touchynge rulers/of all the comonte

The more that they haue of hye auctoryte
Olyberte wyll/and synguler pleasure
So moche the more/poore people they deuoure
The houndes somtyme/wont soldes for to kepe
Be now wyde wolues/deuourynge all the shepe
Rulers be robbers/and pyllers be pastours
Gone is the gudyng of godly gouernours
O where be rulers/meynteyners of Justyce
Where be subduers/and slakers of all byce
Where be the frendes/of mercy and pyte
Sometyme well rulyng/not spolyng of the cpte
Whe the chast rulers/iust meke and lyberall
Chaunged is fortune/dethe hath deuoured all
The worst remayneth/gone ben the meke and Just
In stede of vertue ruleth fre wyll/and lust
Where be the fathers/ryght worthy an empyre
Of whome men counted/lawe talys by the fyre
Sometyme with talys/and otherwhyle with songe
Sodryupnge a waye/the wynter nyghtes longe
Alas Amyntas/nought bydeth th... it is good
No not my cokers/my tabert/nor my hood
All is consumed/all spent and worne be
So is all goodnesse/and welthe of the cpte
The temples pyllled/dothe bytterly complayne
Poore people wayleth/and cal for helpe in bayne
Poore wydows sorowe/and chyldren fatherles
In bayne bewapleth/whan wolues them oppresse
Syn hath no scourge/and vertu no rewarde
Who loueth wysdome/his fortune is but harde
Counceyll and cunnynge/nor combles in the dust
But what is the cause/lawe tourned is to lust
Lust standeth in stede of lawe/and of Justyce

Wherby good lyuynge/subdued is by vyce

CAmyntas.

I tell the faustus/this hastynes of the
Passeth the bondes of ryght and honeste
All men thou blamest/by wrothe and hastynesse
As all cytesyns/were full of vycuousnesse
What man remembre/some lyue in innocence
Some in the Cyte/be partles of offence

Cfaustus.

I am not angry/I saye but veryste
Here me Amyntas/one clause with breuyte
As many todes/as bredeth in Irelande
As many Grypes/as bredeth in Englonde
As many Cockowes/as syng in January
And nyghtyngales/as syng in february
And as many whalys/as swymme in the fen
So many ben there/in cytes of good men

CAmyntas.

A good man is geason/not easy to be feunde
On londe or in cyte/or ouer all the grounde
Many thynges longe/vnto a partyte man
Aske that of Codrus/declare the crouthe he gan
Badnes encreaseth/and ouer fast dothe growe
Goodnes and vertu/in comynge vp ben slowe

Cfaustus.

Thou art madde I trowe/so many foes haue we
As dwell cytesyns/in all the hole cyte
They clyp vs/they poll'vs/they pyll vs to the skyn
And what they may get/þ theynke they well to wyne
To cheft they constrayne vs/I tell the by all Halows
And after by and by/they sende vs to the Galows
Therfore it is reason/þfought of theyrs hap

O come to our clauwes/it pryuely to trap
They vs oft dysceyue/dysceyue we them agayne
Deuple we slyly/gyle subtyll and trayne
But this Amyntas/to me is grettest grese
And doubt for it is yll/stelynge from a thefe
Yfit be secret/we maye it well deny
Yfit be knowen/excuse it crastely
Preue felony/though it be vsed longe
Is not called threst/but iniury and wronge
All that they haue/within these towne's playne
Ther harde labour/soze trauayle & grette payne
Amyntas.

Now thou exceedest/the marke of equyte
Thou passest reason/faustus I tell to the
Faustus.

What than Amyntas/haue pacyence a whyle
Towne dwellers byces/dothe all the worlde desyle
The ayre is corrupt/by theyr enozmyte
These somer stormes/whence come they tell thou me
Lpyghtnyng/grete wyndes/flodes/hayle/& thundre
I well remembre/ofttyme the grounde here vnder
Byght soze hath quaked/and caused houses fall
Wyce of the cyte/is rote and cause of all
The sonne in myddaye/ofttyme hath lost his lyght
In lyke wyse the mone/in season of the nyght
Bothe hath ben blacke/or elles reed as blode
This spygne Amyntas pretendeth vs no good
Why growe the wedes/and cokyll in the corne
Why is hape and grasse/ofttymes all forlorne
Why lose we our seide/our labour und expence
Where cometh mozen/and greuous pestylence
All these procedeth/by madde enozmyte

And corrupte maners/ of them of the cyte
And woe is lykely/ yet after warde to fall
Yf they not reforme/ they? lpyunge bestyall
Whence came the furour/ of harnes and batayle
Which causeth wydowes/ they? spouses to bewayle
Whiche byngeth with it/ all kynde of mysery
As theft/ and murdre/ grete deth/ and penyry
Forsoth in cytees/ this furour fyrste began
To the confusyon/ of many a doughty man
The cyte is well/ and grounde orygynall
Bothe fyrst and last/ of dedelylles all
Bredde in the cyte/ was cruell Lyeaon
Bredde amonge herbes/ was good Dewcalyon
Amonge sheperdes/ noysshed was Kenuus
And also his brother/ the myghty Romulus
The cause of the fode/ in Cyte fyrste began
Wherby was wasted/ nere euery best and man
Our lord destroyed. v. Cytes for outrage
Kede where for synnes/ he wasted one byllage
I trowe whan the worlde/ with fyre shall wasted be
The cause shall procede/ and come of some cyte
What shall I touche the sauour and the stynke
Whiche is in cytes/ of gutter and of synke
There men be choked/ with bile and deedlynt
Here haue we odour/ of floures redolent
I count me happy/ whiche won in the byllage
As vndeyled/ with Cytezyng outrage.

Campytas.

Haue done now faustus/ lare there a strawe and
I pll we our hely/ with cruddes that is best
Lreue we the cyte/ and all Cypule outrage
Now it is leason/ to toyme to the potage

After our dyner / is best as in my mynde
The rest to declare / yfought remayne behynde.
¶ Finis.

Here endeth the .v. Eglog of Alexander Barclay of
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